

NEWS from
COVENT-GARDEN:
OR, THE
Town-Gallants
VINDICATION.

BEING

The Debates and Result of a famous *Club*
of Wits, and Men of Humours and In-
trigues, assembled for the Damning of the
late *Character*.

LONDON,
Printed for J. T. 1675.

THE W. S. HORN

GOVERNMENT GARDEN

OR THE

FLOWER-GALLIES

VINDICATION

BEING

The History and Description of a famous Class
of the Garden of the famous and in-
famous, attended for the Darning of the
the Garden.

Printed by
T. H. K.



NEWS from Covent-Garden: &c.



Several pretended Gallantissimo's of the Town, being met (according to an Assignment for that purpose) on *Thursday* last, to take into their All-disposing consideration the Grand Affairs of Wit and good Breeding; After they had Raly'd each other, enquired the Health of their Respective Mistresses, and briskly top'd off half a dozen Rummers of *Frontinac*: An Ingenioso of the first Magnitude began an Invective against the late *Character of a Town-Gallant*. The very naming of which abominable Pamphlet, put the whole Company into a Confusion of Rage and Clamour: *Mor-bleau*! quoth one, That's the most Saucy, Idle, Impertinent; flat, empty, Damu'd, Dull, Nonsensical Scribble in Nature: I thank my Stars I had more wit than to Read it; But *Jack Wild* told me, he run it over at the *Coffee-house*; and found nothing of flame or Spirit in it; No flights of daring Fancy, or Elevation of Conceit; above the Dialect of a Constable; nothing brisk or poinant or Charming, But an Oglio of Impudent Railings, against all that's polite and Noble, meer Blasphemy against us, that are the Hero's of the

williz'd VVorld, the great Refiners of our Age The
sole Dictators of Reason, and over-rulers of Common
Sense.

By *Joves* Guts cries another, I know that pittiful Raf-
cal that Wrote, it, An inconsiderable Animal, of a grove-
ling Spirit, and debas'd Understanding. Upon my Ho-
nour Gentlemen, he is a *Cobler* in *Grace-Church Street*,
and was formerly Prentice to him of *Glocester*. His Fa-
ther was a *Leveller*, and his Mother shrewdly suspected
to Burn down the *Theatre Royal*, two or three Years a-
go by Witchcraft. His Malice against good Breeding is
Hereditary, which makes him continually Quarrel at all
that's *Jaſtice*, and *Brave*, striving to expoſe Miſterious
Arts of Heroick Grandeur, to the Scorn of Brutish Vul-
gar, and *Traverſty*, our moſt Excellent and wonderful *Ac-
complishments* into *Ridicule*, Pox on him, ſays a Third,
I knew by the Title, he had not a drop of Bloud in his
Veins, nothing in him of a Gentleman, nor indeed of
Senſe: VVould any Fellow in his VVits, offer to abuſe
and Laugh at the moſt Glorious Imbeliſhments in Nature,
Attainments which alone inſtile us to a place in the *Box-
es*, or *Pit*; which make VVomen and Children admirè,
and the Ladies Charm'd with our good Parts, fall down
before us. Are theſe things to be contemn'd or under-
valued: Shall he or any body elſe (no not *Mr. Parſon*
himſelf) preſume to tell us what is fit and becoming;
'tis an Inſolence, deſerves our Indignation and Correſti-
on; and the beſt way is for three or four of us to ſet upon
him in the Dark, and Kick him into *Atoms*. But this a
fourth Man (that had ſcarce Courage enough to Cock
his Hat) oppoſed, as an Enterprize too dangerous, At-
loading, That he was aſſured by ſome Correſpondents in
the City, That the Author was a plaguy Sullen Fellow,
and never walkt abroad without a good *Batoon* in's hand,
and a Life-Guard of *Tinkers* to attend him.

Whereupon

Whereupon another rose up, a shrew'd Gentleman indeed, one for a Testimony to the World of his vast Abilities ; had made two or three *Lampoons*, and has been these four Years a Writing a *Play* (the only Dialect course now adays to make a Mans self Famous and Immortal) This *A-la-mode Hero*, making half a dozen untoward Grimaces, like an Ape going to the House of Correction, was pleas'd to deliver a Rare *Harague* on this important occasion ; To which they all listned as devoutly as the *Brutes* at St. *Andrews* Wall do to the Charming Melody of a *Smith field Orpheus*.

It is, Gentlemen ! said he, the common fate of us extraordinary persons, to Contract the slanders of the Ignorant, and the Envy of the unthinking Crow'd ; 'Tis all the Interest we pay to Fortune, for those Transcendent Endowments which she has confer'd upon us above Common Mortals : But this should not discourage us from pursuing the Liberty of our own exalted *Genius* ; and the lofty Designs and Adventures, wherewith we daily amaze the World : Tis only for great Head-pieces, Men of Birth and Education, of Prudence, and a mighty Reach that can pretend to Reputation : Tis such a Task to be considerable, and of Moment in the Town, that it would Crack the Brains of those little People, but to hear repeated all the Accomplishments that are required to build up a Man of worth, To be acquainted with the true Means, and exactest Garbs, the most Fashionable Expressions, the winning Addresses, and all the Finenesses of Language double Perfum'd : The Complements, Passes, and Repasses ; Parties, and Re-parties ; with the vast Skill of Serenading, and the Mystery of tending a Visir, with approved and Modish Accuracy.

Tis only from Exact and Curious Imitation of our Deportment, that young Gentlemen can learn these Perfections,

ons, and to our inestimable Principles they owe the Grounds and Elements of what must render them Great and Admirable in the World ; To know with what Raptures you are to take a Lady by the Hand, and how then to melt her presently with some of our Irresistible Vows, Such as — *As I am a sinner before God and your Ladyship : As I hope to find Mercy in Heaven and your Ladyships Blessings, &c.* To know how to discard the Golo-shoes in due season in their proper place : To tye the Knot of ones Muff Ribbon, to the best advantage ; To walk with such a pleasing Gate that your Swinging Arm may keep true time with your Feet, which must Dance to the Musick of the Points ; Ratling on your Pantaloon, and especially to provide that the Foot-Boy be observant in his distances, that he never stand just behind, but bearing a respectful Point *East* or *West* from his Master. You know full well Gentlemen ! tis no such easie business, to discern how much of the *Handkerchief* ought to hang out of the Right Pocket, and how to Poise it Mathematically, with the *Tortoiseshell* Comb on the Left : To apprehend what a boon Grace there is in some notable words keenly pronounced, with a neat shrug ; and a becoming Lisp ; to avoid the horrible absurdity of setting both Feet flat on the Ground, when one should always stand tottering on the Toes, as waiting in readiness for a *Congee*. These are notes above the *Ela* of a course Mechanick, or the Comprehension of ordinary Spirits. They cannot imagine how much practical *Rhetorick* is requisite to make a Coach-man stedfastly believe he shall have half a Crown for hurrying from the *Temple*, to *Leathers Lane* ; waiting there and coming back ; and at the same time carry on the most ingenious Intrigue of slipping down the Boot, just at *Temple-Bar* ; and then with a steady mind to walk to the next *Coffee-house Incognito*.

All these and many more incomparable discoveries we have made to the World ; which otherwise had long before

fore this time been over-run with the *Goth* and *Vandalisme* of Pedants and other dull Fops, who are always poring on troublesome *Ethicks*, or the more burthenfome *Praxis* of Piety.

Let us then learn to know and value our own Merits, proceed in the beaten Road of Gallantry, without Clogging our Progress to Renown, with consideration of Vertue or Religion, or vain thoughts of those Chymical Bugbears, Decent and Honest : Let's look down with Contempt on this triffling *Character-Monger*, as *Hannibal* did on *Phormio*, when he went about to Tutor him in the Art *Military* : Let us admire one another, hug one another in our Atchievements, and Laugh at all those that Envy us, the sweets, pleasant, and most delicious Extravagancy.

To this they agreed, *Newine Contradicente*, and so fell to Drinking of Brimmers ; Dispatcht away two Drawers, the one to fetch *Wench*, and the other to call *Fidlers*, and are resolv'd to be jolly ; Defying not only the Lashes of a *Satyr*, but even the Cure of a *Pestle* and *Mortar*.

F I N I S.